

GloMag
GLOMAG

Monthly Online Poetry Magazine
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Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

THE PAINT BOX

(Cover pic by The Paint Box)

The paint box is an organisation with a view to clean up our city with a holistic approach and to bring about a social awareness.

We want to bring out different strokes of art and performance art onto the streets, be it on the walls, bus stops or pavements. This is a fun initiative which hopes to bring together art enthusiasts, public space 'cleaners' and lovers of aesthetics. We invite people of all ages to explore art and performance with us.

Our aim is to slowly expand and hopefully inspire people to start owning their surroundings and in turn create a self-sustaining community. We believe that by providing an alternative use of our platforms for people, we can change the outlook towards our otherwise, misused pavements.

There are many areas of social intervention we would like to get into, one of it is to provide an additional, income generation opportunity for low income artists.

We conduct Painting sessions every weekend and a monthly event called 'Poetry on Walls'.

Our FB link

<https://www.facebook.com/thepaintbox.madras>

ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag is the coming together of poets in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions - and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the poet gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the poet's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful verses, expressions, and pictures. Your soul dances in ecstasy, participates in a cosmic experience, it sways and chants. Somewhere someone is telling you about duality, someone tells you about a forlorn house without music, someone shows you how to love, and someone raises questions about existence itself.

And when you come to, the world is still there, the lake is still there, the birds are chirping, shadows have lengthened. Nothing feels the same! You are not the same! You get up reluctantly. It's time to go home.

Glory Sasikala

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BACKGROUND MUSIC: “Dreams” by longzijun

<https://longzijun.wordpress.com/>

PREFACE

Tushar A. Gandhi

(Author, activist, columnist, Indian)



Many a times we feel insulted by actions of others and take offence. Most of the times only we suffer the consequences. We feel hurt, anger and humiliation. But many a times this is because of how we perceive actions of persons and how we respond to them.

This is an incident that happened in 1945. My father Arun and Grandmother Sushilaben were eye witnesses.

Those days my great grandfather, Bapu, was camped at Dr. Jivraj Mehta's nature cure clinic in Pune. He was nursing Sardar Patel back to health. They had a very strict regime of treatment. My father and Grandmother were staying at the clinic too. People used to come to meet Bapu and every evening Bapu held his evening prayer meeting in the compound of the clinic.

One morning a young man came carrying a large basket wrapped in gift wrap and asked to see Bapu. My grandmother saw him and requested him to wait in the guest's room and asked my father to take him there and give him some water to drink.

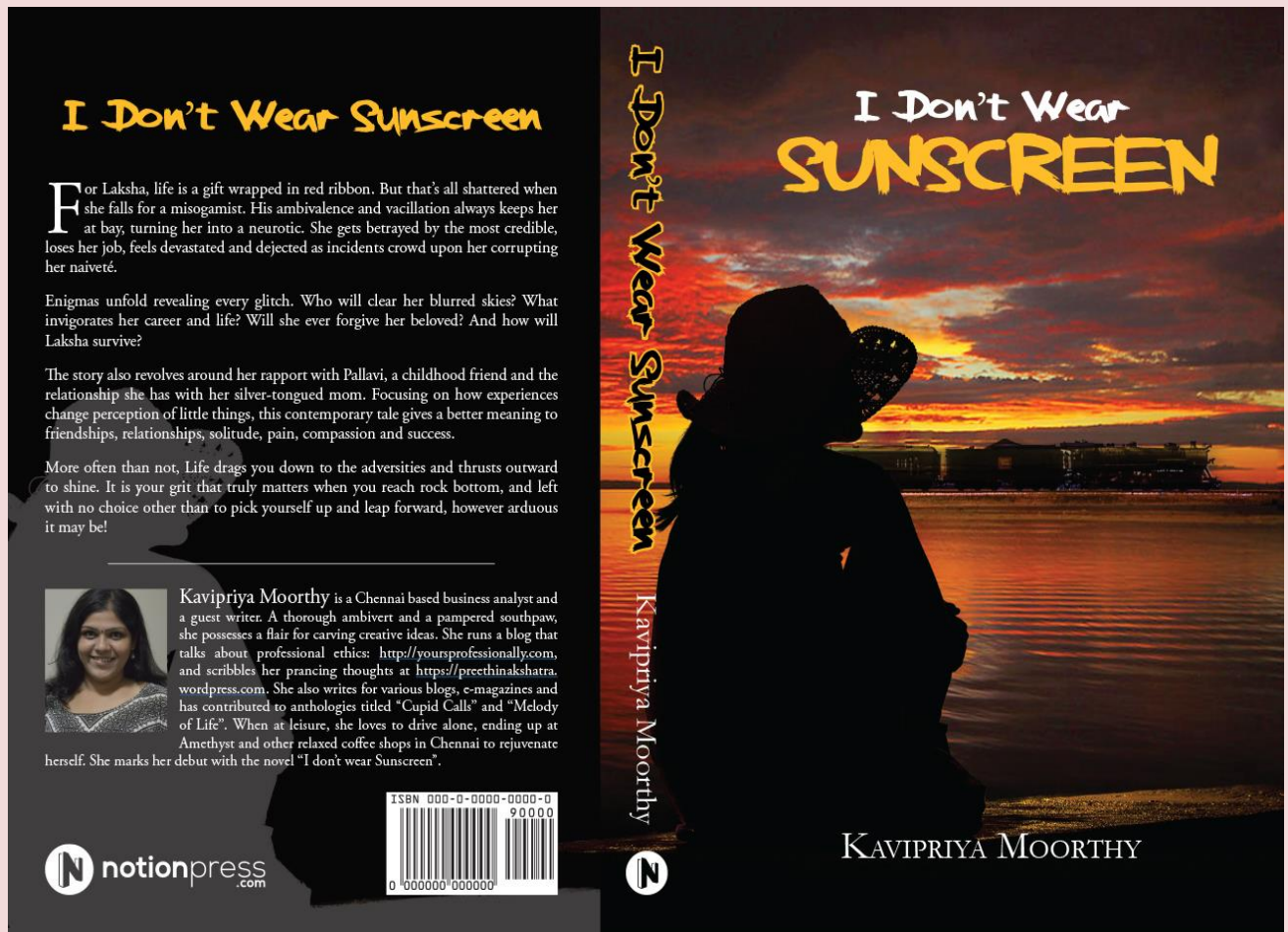
An hour later when Bapu was free, my father told him there was a visitor waiting to meet him and told Bapu he was carrying a large basket of gifts.

Bapu asked my father to summon the young man. My father found that the young man had left but had left behind the gift basket. He took the basket to Bapu and told him the visitor had left leaving behind the gift basket. Bapu asked my father to open the basket and see what was inside. When the basket was opened it was found to be full of old torn and dirty footwear. A very insulting gift to give to anyone. My father was shocked, Bapu smiled and told my father that it was a very dear gift and asked him to take it to the old goods market and sell it. My father sold the old footwear for ₹5/- and gave the same to Bapu.

That evening speaking at the prayer meeting Bapu described the incident and said that the one regret he had was that he could not thank the gift giver who had been so generous. A young man got up, he was very agitated and shouted that Bapu had no right to sell his gift and demanded that Bapu return the money he had got by selling his gift. Bapu calmly told the young man that after he had accepted the gift it was for him to utilise it the way he wished. He profusely thanked the young man and told him that the money earned from the sale of his gift was deposited in the Harijan Fund. The young man turned abusive and had to be subdued and removed from the meeting.

When Bapu was murdered my grandmother and father had returned to South Africa where my Grandfather Manilal lived managing the Phoenix Ashram near Durban and publishing the Indian Opinion started by Bapu. When the murderer's photo was published in the papers and my grandmother saw it she showed it to my father, they both recognised Nathuram Godse as being the man who had gifted Bapu the basket full of old and torn footwear.

BOOK OF THE MONTH



Kavipriya Moorthy - A typical Chennaite, who does window shopping in T. Nagar, goes crazy about actor Surya, hears peppy songs while traveling and takes thrilling rides in theme parks. Yes, life was simple and so was I, I spent the same ditto 20 years in Chennai that any middle-class girl for that matter does. Luckily, there was one difference in my schooling – my parents afforded and put me in an Anglo-Indian board. The only base reason for a strong accent and a decent score in grammar, not the best but better. I love English as a language, and I adore learning new words. Right after

schooling, I followed the flock and joined Engineering, I never regret and after all the '*outstanding*', arrears, records, placements, I finally passed out.

These four years changed my panorama of life and vowed enough "me" time. I attained enough notice for good dialect; it just didn't stop there, I observed and penned emotions easily and inclined to share it in simple terms. I started winning hearts for my short poems. I sensed an acquaintanceship with words, and I emote better this way. Though am talkative, I write sensibly.

Writing waned, as exams and placements took over. I settled for an IT job, and poetry was still my intensities that were published and praised across the company too. I wanted a sheer break, and in its own literal way, life gave me some "me" time again. I was patrolling for something to do, and then I chose my pen.

Luckily, I befriended few writers and authors, who eventually were my mentors. I had a few plots in mind and started off with the simplest one. Penned a chapter and it worked well, I always wanted to be in the writing way, and I picked inspiration from fellow writers. I read well, and that made enough room, my friends find it easy to send a gift on my birthdays – it has always been books. There are times, where I deliberately give them the titles I need.

Writing was like quicksand, the minute I picked it, I fell deeper every day. Am very social, and my Firefox will always

have Facebook in a tab, but mostly I use it to pen my work and post on my pages. We have productive pages, which nurtures young writers and am very glad to be a part of it.

My book "I don't wear Sunscreen," is a simple and straight chick lit, that talks about the 16 to 24 years of a person's life. Life drags a person to the least possible negativity before it thrusts one to shine – this is the base string on which the story is knit. The story has utterly cute love embedded, parental care, friendship and career insights of a person. I wanted to do this book, as I relate easily. I have done enough research and am satisfied with the shape now.

My parents are not really aware of my writing skills, but my friends are, and each of them supports me a lot in this regard. I sense responsibility when they care and share that am a writer to their fellow pals. I look forward to staying in-line with writing, I guess soon after a few months of release I would be all set to be a good mentor for other budding writers.

Am an ambivert, a sensitive narcissist, a witty friend, a sensible yet egoistic writer and a serene person to hang out with, if you are around the amethyst café – drop by and I might be there staring at the lily flower or lost in thoughts or mostly, typing and deleting the same old 26 alphabets.

I blog on professional ethics @
www.yoursprofessionally.com, and I scribble @

www.preethinakshatra.wordpress.com, am building my
author profile as well @ www.kavipriyamoorthy.vpweb.in

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ENDLESS

I would pass through brimstone,
Just to hear you laugh.
But promise me the gift of your mirth,
Over and over again.

I would grovel through dirt and sand,
Just to see you smile.
But promise me the light of your lips,
Over and over again.

I would bear the worst of tragedies,
Just to partake in your festival.
But promise me that you will celebrate,

Over and over again.

I would pass through the Ealings and Actons,

Just to get a glimpse of your face.

But promise me that you will stay beautiful,

Over and over again.

I would ignore milestones galore,

And gulp the sorrow of heartbreak.

But promise the world the blessing of your happiness,

And I will visit you,

Over, and over, and over again...



Vivek Shivram: My life is a poem, a beautiful one at that. I live in one of the most happening cities in the world. When I live out my life as a Consultant for a blue chip firm, the energy of Canary Wharf is mine to claim. And when I seek refuge in poetry, the Surrey Countryside opens up to me.



Dried leaves,
wet roads,
crushed thorns,
fierce swords,
bundled emotions,
fearless soul.
The road to your
dreams.



Dazzling rings, wedlock.
pens and paint brushes, discovery.
Interlinked palms, love.

Hair rides, embracing imperfections.
Weaving soft waves, beauty.
Knitted gloves, hide and seek .
Everything resides right there,
in those spaces between your fingers.



Vasanthi Swetha: She is a 2nd year Economics student who is extremely passionate about the art of poetry, dance, reading and dreaming, and she believes that every poem that she writes is a result of a conversation with her soul.



AND I WAIT...

Risking the level crossing unmanned for her

Braving the cold long after the station master retires

In the pitch dark

In a decrepit waiting room

In the December mist waiting for her....

She... Who loves the locomotive

And Ruskin Bond's railway stories.

Oh! Those quaint tales of railway towns with nefarious affairs
of the memsahibs

Glancing at the station clock

In anticipation of the one who loves the smells and sounds of
a station

She with the Jab We Met fixation

And any movie with sleepy or bustling stations

Looking out for her silhouette in the fog
To fulfil her end of the promise
At the draughty platform
Till the last train on the branch line rolls by!!!



Vandana Kumar: She is a bon vivant who loves travelling, working with young minds and exploring creative possibilities beyond the ordinary. She has done her masters in History from Lady Shri Ram College and her Diplôme from the Alliance Française de Delhi.

She is a French teacher in a couple of schools and private institutes and also translates for various publishing houses and corporates. An active member of various quiz clubs across Delhi-she has a soft corner for Kolkata where she spent her childhood. Her various passions include singing, playing the piano, composing music and participating in local antakshari competitions. She describes herself as a dreamer...a wanderer and a certified incurable romantic...the romantic moorings worsened with all her fancy French

studies. Poetry for her is her stress buster -her flight of fancy- and strangely – what keeps her rooted too.



MOTHER AND CHILD

When inspired to write about my mom,
Because someone else lost his
And had not told her about the storm
Of emotions that held him enthralled
While she fought to survive.

When inspired, I write about my mom
Waiting behind the curtains
To see if I smile as I enter her gate
Or do I look tired and weak.

She will suitably arrange her smile.

She has so much to share,

And I am short on time,

So much to cover before I can rest

That my sigh of impatience stills her,
And I wish my tongue would curl and die.
I am inspired,I write about her.
She patiently dreams for me,
I protest at sixty I want to be me
She is hurt...when, when did you grow up?
I thought of us always as mother and child.



INTROSPECTION

The child smiled without guile
I had looked into his eyes awhile
You have marbles he said
Where are your eyes?



Usha Chandrasekharan: She is a believer in the power of the universe, in the power of positive energy, in the power of words, in the power of good intentions. She has two children both of good literary prowess, both creative in their own way.



AT TIMES...

No longer a foreigner in an unknown turf

I say with poise

You my love ain't just a choice

Life isn't easy, life ain't the same

Every day a struggle

It's everybody's game

In times of trouble, in times of pain

We stick together

Knowing there is so much to gain

One thing you ought to know

Is my love for you has grown

Like never before

I got nothing to offer but these words

I hope you realize

You are the song that my heart never denies

Whatever happens I am with you

Through thick and thin

I want you too

This time around I won't shut you down

When I move about aimlessly

At times of want.



Tina Angelin Nimalan: Arrogant or Immature you decide but my friends think of me as a lover of all things fine. My

colleagues think I'm proactive by design. Eitherways knowing me is to know what's good in wine.



(pic by Sumita Dutta)

THE HAUNTS OF GOD

Some places on Earth are equal to all.
Enter, and for a few moments
Religion has no meaning.
All is calm,
Peace floats in the breathing air.
Gilded walls or oil-soot layered caves
Don't matter.
The ground's been hallowed by faith;
They are the haunts of God.



(pic by Sumita Dutta)

THE HUMAN SPIRIT

Whence the beginning?
In mother's womb?
Or growing out of Him
Endlessly, boundlessly,
Forever linked.
So joyous, so wondrous;
Depthless reservoir of strength,
Glimpsed on the toughest paths.
So proud, so fallible;
Maturity a polished facade,
Onion skins of the Human Spirit.



Sumita Dutta: She is a photographer and the proprietor of Adlsh Photo Art. She has a degree in Fine Arts (Painting) from

Chitrakala Parishad, Bangalore. She loves writing both poetry and prose. She resides in the southern end of Chennai with her two sons, her father, a cat and a dog. Find her blog at: <https://zippythoughts.wordpress.com/>



STORY OF CREATION

Earth is lusting upon rain, starving to consummate
The drizzle just fuelled the already fired earth and increased
desire

Yesterday when it came like a deluge, earth seemed to have
enjoyed the togetherness

It seemed the long yearning has resulted in prolong
lovemaking

The fragrance of passionate exchange of combination of love,
lust and desire was maddening

It was like witnessing divine reunion of two great powers

This union will propel and re-energize the fertility

The world around will again enjoy the magnificence of
creation

The greenery around will make it as beautiful as a pregnant
mother

The celebration will start as soon as the first fruit of union
comes out in the field of farmer

This labor of love will give us new lease of life and
Therefore we will keep on celebrating the love between rain
and earth

This the story of creation!!!



LONGING OF A LOVER

I love you therefore I lust you

I wait every night for your wild kisses, rough touches and
breathless strokes

The aura created by our untamed energy and craziness for
one another

Makes us drunk in the love combined with lust and desire

We have organic connection, our body fits together like lock
& key

Our oneness is such that I forget our separate existence

In those moments of divine union, our lovemaking creates a
fragrance

I can still feel that cologne and it pulls me towards you more
than everything

Memory of our so many encounters fuels my desire

Many times these memories help me to gratify myself by
imagining you

I wish to experience our conjugation and want to be loved
like never before

I can risk my life for experiencing this divinity one more time

I love you therefore I lust you!!!!



Subhash Chandra Rai: I am Subhash from Ranchi. I have done MBA in Rural Management and currently working with Azim Premji Foundation as Research Fellow. I love reading and writing poetry.



i wonder, even as i drink coffee
and abandon newspapers yet again,
and settle down to question the clear white screen
seeking words and moments, faces and bondings
that aren't so ready-made as you think.
we have our own moments of consummate summation,
when the muse hesitates, confused;
a writer's world isn't filled by words but by the silence
of words, so there, you have it even as you
hug the dark corner picking off-coloured
beads scattered all over our predicament;
it's not a happy world, but a seeking one,
never brought to fruition but by completing
the circle of life like my arms reaching around

yet losing you each time by that hairs-breadth between fingers.

i wonder still.



Shreekumar Varma: He is an Indian author, playwright, newspaper columnist and poet. He received the R. K. Narayan Award for Excellence in Writing in English in 2015. He is known for the novels Lament of Mohini, Maria's Room, Devil's Garden: Tales Of Pappudom, The Magic Store of Nu-Cham-Vu and the historical book for children, Pazhassi Raja: The Royal Rebel Born as HH Prince Punartham Thirunal of the Travancore Royal Family, he is the great great grandson of the artist Raja Ravi Varma and grandson of Regent Maharani Sethu Lakshmi Bayi, the last ruling Maharani of Travancore. He is married to Geeta Varma (poet, teacher and columnist) and has two children, Vinayak and Karthik.



RIVER OF LIFE

Rivers, slowly meandering
In a way that is most endearing
Through an eclectic mix
That is called life

Rivers pregnant with emotion
Like slowly, as though in sheer exertion
A trace, though traceless
False, though falseless

Rivers in all its glory and pride
Not giving away to a justified
Response to the cries of the wild

Rivers, though slow in making
Slowly weaving its way
Through banks and taking
All its time to reach its destination

Life's worries, a mere motion
Of slowness and inaction
The mere mention
Evoking a strong reaction

River of life
Merging into an ocean
Strife laden waters
Intermingling of souls
That is full of beauty and life

Where does it all end?
Oceans of fantasy
In a life full

Of vigour and ecstasy



Shobha Warriar: Born near Trichur in Kerala, she did her schooling in Mumbai and Chennai. Shobha was highly influenced by her maternal grandfather who was a distinguished Sanskrit scholar. Shobha had a keen interest in languages, be it prose or poetry, from her school days. She completed B.A. and M.A. in English Literature as also B.Ed. She has also worked as a teacher in schools for some time. Shobha's father, K. Ramakrishna Warriar, is a distinguished writer in Malayalam, and recipient of the Sahitya Akademi award for his contribution in Sanskrit. Shobha is married to an engineer and has one daughter.



BEING ESCAPIST

Sometimes it is better,
being an escapist,
to remain aloof
from worldly affairs.

Affairs or mis-happening
creating turmoil in heart,
disrupting the peace of mind.

Like Poets of the romantic age

Byron, Wordsworth, Keats,

Shelly & Coleridge

diverted their attention

towards nature

derived pleasure from

every natural phenomena.

Creating masterpieces,

still cherished by
the unnatural world.



Shamenaz Shaikh: She is Book Reviewer, Literary Critic, Sub-editor (Journals) & Freelancer writer, currently working as Associate Professor, Department of Applied Sciences & Humanities, AIET, Allahabad. She is also the Coordinator, Personality Development Programme. Specialization: Women Writers of Indian Sub-continent, Translation Literature, Partition & War Literature. Award for 'one of the best teacher of the city' by ACTI Educational Society on 23rd Sept 2012, and her paper entitled as "Urban Catharsis and Feminism in the Novels of Shashi Deshpande" was selected as one of the best 6 papers in National conference on "Urban Catharsis: The Psycho-Cleaning Effects of the Literature in English "March 3-4, 2012 at Lingaya University, Faridabad. She is a member of the editorial Board of Journal- 'Cyber Literature', 'Literary Miscellany' & 'Research Access.' E-Mail: dr.shamenaz.alld@gmail.com; shamenaz@gmail.com

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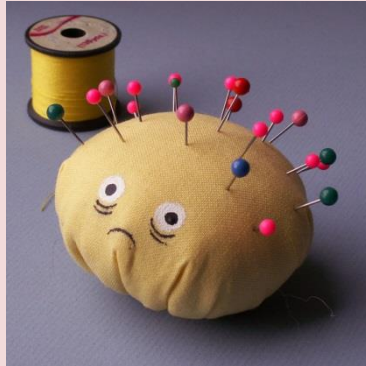
www.shamenazsheikh.blogspot.in



MISUNDERSTOOD SCOLDING

The bell rang, lunch break was over
Running upstairs five teenage girls
Like deer, innocent and cheerful
Yet a fear ran through their eyes
Have to be at time, in the class
Something fell from a girls fingers
A tingling sound echoed back
Five of them stopped, went back
Peeped on the sunshade
A voice came from the ground
"Which boy are you seeing from there?
Go back to class" followed by abuses
Fresh faces shrunk, tears peeped

They moved, leaving that rare antique coin
Along with their respect for their teacher



DON'T POKE ME

Please don't poke me!

My heart soft as sponge

The pin that poked, still resides

Safe and sound, pricking further

The wound still bleeding

Please don't poke me

My soul, a balloon

Your poke so severe-bursting

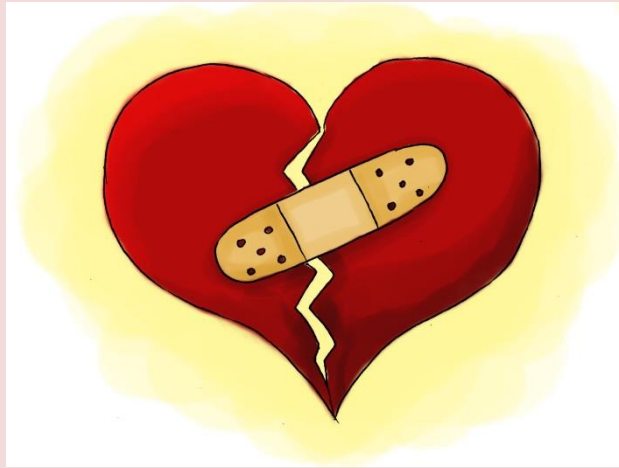
Alas he is punctured, badly

Stitches nor glue, nothing revived him

Please don't poke me
Not even in Facebook
Please, allow my wounds to heal
I may not poke you back- yet
the pain reminds you, your rudeness



Shalini Samuel: She is the author of Singing Soul and comes from India's southern tip. She started her writing journey as a blogger. Poetry was her unfulfilled dream then. She explored poetry and slowly started learning the nuances of it. Apart from writing she also works as freelance editor. Her poems have been published in various online and print magazines and anthologies. She has edited few novels.



CARBUNCLE

I foster

Many carbuncles within me

Nourish and look after them.

Despite knowing its pain

Despite aching without complaining.

It oozes and its sore

In the form of sighs

And mute cry,

I behold it is LOVE,

It is the most painful SORE

Gnawing me, my within

Is filled with these cankers

Of pain-

I find no panacea for it

Except

DEATH



HOME

I am searching a home

A home where I may live

And live till eternity

Eternity?

Do I know this

Or just pretend to know

On my pre acquired knowledge

Or just feign

To know

Which actually doesn't exist....



Shaleen Kumar Singh: He is a poet, critic, reviewer, translator and editor. He has several research papers, articles, poems and reviews published in esteemed journals, magazines and news papers of India and abroad. He has edited several books on criticism. At present, he is editing the ezine www.creativesaplings.com. He is Assistant Professor and Head, Department of English at S. S. PG College, Shahjahanpur (U.P.)



A shadow falls between thoughts and words. As the sun creeps into sky, across 180 degrees, the shadow keeps morphing its shape. The shadow plagued with memories, die every night in a torrent of ignored poems. Its flesh melt like wax, its blood and plasma evaporate into thin air, the arteries and nerves join the tributaries of great rivers and its skeleton weathers in silence. The shadow becomes nothing- like an unoccupied chair or an unattended phone call. The nullified shadow stands opposite to infinite and peep into its deep eyes. The non-existent shadow ridicules existentialism. The destroyed shadow criticises the formation of an infant in womb. In that vast cosmos of nothingness, beyond million skies, it hops with joy and runs like a child.

But every morning, it borns like a fresh page in an unending novel, spacing thoughts from words.

#sleeplessness



Ro Hith: He is a poet and a medico from Andhra Pradesh, writing poetry since 7 years. His poetry has been published in various online magazines, including Muse India, The Four Quarterly, Istanbul Review, Kritiya, New Mirage Journal and print magazines like Kavya English, which was applauded and complimented by various senior poets. Currently, he is working on his first book of poems, which will be published shortly and an online magazine that deals with progressive poetry and translations from various Indian languages.



The clouds roll in and then there's thunder
The weather outside matches what's inside
All the hopes and dreams crawl in
As I pull my bed sheet over my head
And cuddle with my huggy pillow
Get out of your comfort zone they say
Comfort zone is comfort zone for a reason
Duh!

The never ending struggle is epidemic
Show me a person who is as
They see themselves in the mirror
The greatest living being will see
Someone else!

The climb is the fun I've heard
But no more once you reach
Why climb then?
This could go on forever.
I made a person smile today,
I'm there already, every second.



V.Rimona: Rimona, the reckless, is a 23-year-old Good Human/Her dad's incarnation/Daughter of Glory/Sister of Tennyson/In-law of Hannah/Aunt of Samuel baby/Event Manager/HR/Dancer/Bathroom Singer/Painter/Relationship Guru/Amazing Friend to have/Writer/Poet/Actor in this play called "My Life"/Home Maker/Rule breaker/Social Butterfly and everything else possible, from Chennai. She wishes to be a rock star in the future and all her neighbours would verify that.



NAKED

Last evening
Searching for a file
I clicked on a folder,
And
Your lovely face
Filled up the screen.

I thought
I had sent
Every image,
Every memory,
Of yours
To the recycle bin.

As you looked
At me
Your eyes,
Unleashed
A montage
Of moods,
And moments.

Ripping open
My fading scars,
Leaving me naked
To every assault,
Of
Your memories.



Ramendra Kumar: Ramen is a writer by passion and a narcissist by obsession. He has 27 books to his name, almost as many awards and translations into several Indian and foreign languages. A popular story teller and mentor he is working as Chief of Communications, Rourkela Steel Plant. He has a page devoted to him on Wikipedia and his website is www.ramendra.in



~ and so august taught me how to lie ~

~

i met her today after forever
and when you truly love someone
forever is a long long time

~

the moment i saw her
my heart just got bigger,
heavy like clouds drowned
in the ocean, yet fluttering
like confetti in a storm

~

her seraph eyes -dark brown
like venezuelan chocolate

were the safest place to be in,
her prodigal smile -the most
beautiful shade of my heartbreak

~

a thousand thoughts splayed
across my boy mind
shaken, not stirred like
a james bond dry martini.
my mind was taking snapshots of her
every nano second
i was there, i was lost,
lost somewhere in her loveliness
i was lost and found and lost again

~

"can we just be friends?' - i lied

for deep in every corner of my obstinate heart
i knew i wanted to be more than just friends
i was dancing on daggers- barefooted
but this was my only choice

i cannot let myself live without her

~

shrouded in yesterday's shadow

and drowning my tomorrows,

august taught me how to lie

~

i was a quick learner.

~



Rajesh Jethwani: He was born in Madras and has done his BA in economics. He now takes care of his family business and has his own online store. His love for tea resulted in a beautiful tea house he now runs along with his best friends. He loves train journeys, photography, eating out and playing cricket. He loves writing and reading love poems. His poem was first published last year in South Africa.



DIVIDING WALL

It is not the Great Wall of China.

A wall of brick and mortar and sands,
Two families made a demarcation line,
A boundary line for their moves and
Mixing desires and maladies too.
Wall, silent witness for the happenings.

Crows and flies and crossing cats
Don't make any distinction as we do.
Jubilant Festivities and painful farewells
come and go. Citations that come
out of calendar and visitations that
occur do their missions as ordained.

Buoyancy and bitterness, brick carries,
Stories and age long angst are there,
And adamant ruthless, unprotected
Measures it has seen, what for.
Perchance it cries within, endlessly,
Who knows the fiasco or grand outcome,

I talk, think and cry from within,
My only listener, the wall, is the friend,
Living in the land of grandsires and
Storytelling, cradle rocking grandmas,
Vedas, Seers and visionary sages,
What did we achieve? Perhaps renting,
Relentless, ranting, and plundering.



S. Radhamani: She was born in Madras, did B.A.English ,obtained M.A.English from Venkateswara University, Tirupati, did her doctoral thesis on W.H.Auden's Plays, subsequently obtained PGDTE from CIEFL (Hyderabad). A Professor of English with 31 years of teaching experience in a post-graduate and research institution, published four books of poems and one book of short story, widely published and anthologized, guided M.phil research scholars and PhD candidates, and a reviewer and critic. Also published poems and short stories in many websites, presented papers in National and International conferences.



TREE RINGS

You know they say
there are layers of consciousness
reaching outward
into the universe

Maybe they are onto something
I think somewhere deep

Deep

Within

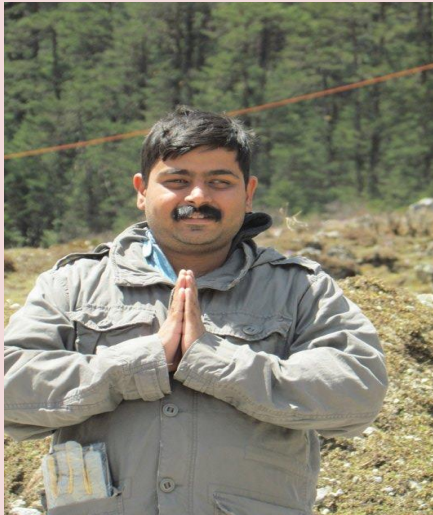
Me

There is a 11 yr old boy

Excited about the stars and animals and ships and countries
and castles

And then

There is a 15 yr old boy
All pimples and awkward sexuality
And then a 19 yr old
With a head full of examinations, admissions and salaries
And
Well
There is probably a 25 yr old too
Worried about getting any older
And im sure there is
A 60 yr old curmudgeon scolding
Everyone who came before
And
And an 85 yr old
Who has seen it all
And gives a fucking damn about everyone else.
Between all of them
Is me.



Raamesh Gowri Raghavan: He moonlights as an award-winning copywriter by day and daylights as an award-wanting poet by night, and sandwiches an archaeology course, running two literary clubs, astronomy, the occasional trek, some peer counselling for suicide prevention, and learning languages in between. He thinks he is funny, but his friends vehemently disagree.

Facebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/raameshgowriraghavan>



STILLED LIFE

She hugged the tree.

She hugged the man hugging the tree.

She hugged the tree hugging the man.

He hugged the tree.

He hugged the woman hugging the tree.

He hugged the tree hugging the woman.

The tree hugged the woman, the man, hugging
the man, the woman, the tree.

What was that tree? Memory fails. Puli, maavu, njaaval,
vaaka,

ilanji, teakku, aanjili, arayaal, koovalam, kanjiram,
pala, ambazham, veppu, chandanam?

Who were they? Memory fails. In that frozen moment of stilled life, white flowers descended on them like flakes of heaven, the birds sang them a requiem, the light rain anointed them.

When the film crew woke up from the afternoon stupor, an electric saw, from a helicopter shot, swung into view, neatly beheading her, beheading him, cutting down the tree, leaving three circles of red, blue and green.

The saw panned to another tree, another them, another rain.

Installation - ground splattered with blood, twigs, leaves, nests, fragments of flesh, heads, eggs and certain fragrant memories.

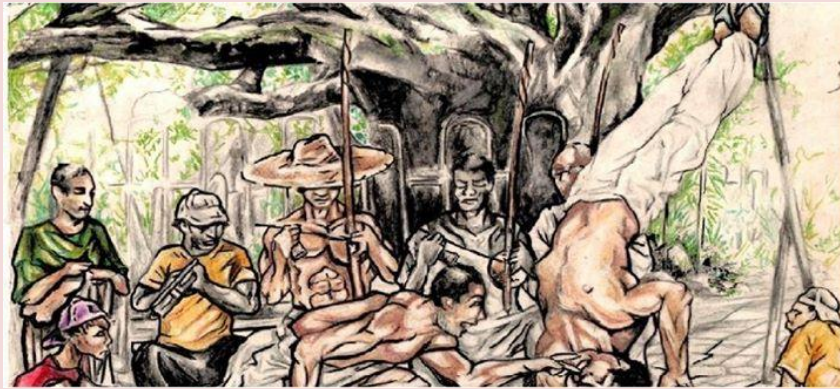
PACK UP!

*Written in protest against the felling of some ancient trees in Trissur, Kerala.



Ravi Shanker (Ra Sh): He translates from Malayalam and Tamil to English and vice versa. Published English translations of stories by Bama (Tamil), Mother Forest (from Malayalam) and Waking is Another Dream (Sri Lankan Tamil Poetry) and for Anthologies of Dalit literature published by OUP and Penguin India. Published poems in magazines, journals and anthologies. He is one of the five contributing poets to the anthology, “A Strange Place Other Than Earlobes” (five voices seventy poems). E-mail: shankeran@gmail.com

Blog: bonoboland.wordpress.com



MANDINGA - THE ETERNAL DANCE

Chamada -

The feet that fight
must also dance.

In the circle of gold sweeping,
swivelling, creating - life
moving to the sound of the gunga
your body is a celestial sphere
your soul is the spring flower
dancing the eternal dance

The Viola calls - Entrada

Enter as friends, as comrades

as brothers. As the ones who
bore the weight of and re-wrote
history, much like rearranging
the galaxies.

Mandinga - The Eternal dance

Hearts racing from rasteiras
like love bound swords, sweeping
each other off your feet, leaving
stardust trails behind, creating illusions
and realities alike.

In the circle of gold sweeping,
swivelling, creating - life
moving to the sound of the gunga
your body is a celestial sphere
your soul is the spring flower
dancing the eternal dance.

Axe

Chamada - Call

Capoeiristas split berimbaus in three categories:

- ❑ Berra-boi or gunga: lowest tone.
- ❑ Médio (others say viola): medium tone.
- ❑ Viola (violinha if the medium tone is viola): highest tone

Mandinga - Magic

Rasteira - A low sweeping movement/kick

(Picture from <http://www.associacaoquilombola.org.br/>)



Priyesha Lobinha Cdo: I am a creature of the dark, like a firefly. People of light, who have never been brave enough to face it don't understand it and hence despise it. Does light not blind you as much as darkness does? The fireflies know

better, they owe it to the night, it's what makes them so beautiful.



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SMOKEY HOLE

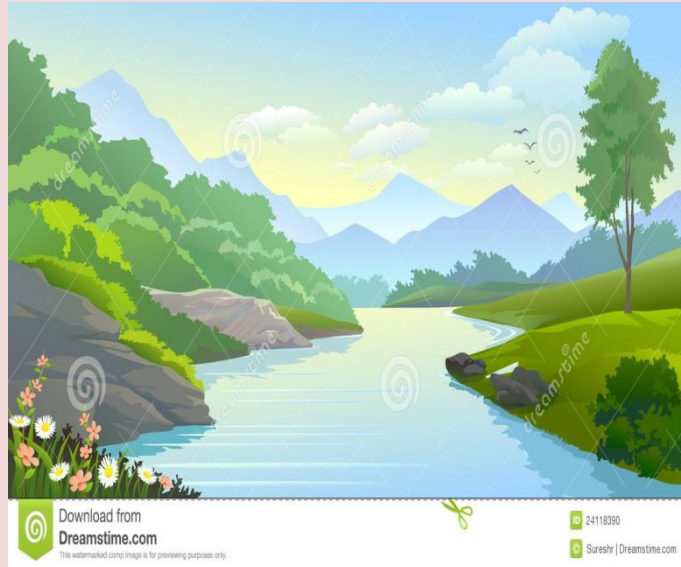
A smoky hole I once did spy
At the top of a mountain way up high;
It bubbled and squeaked and I wondered why
So I sat right down and started to cry.

The mountain spoke in a rumbling way
As if it had something to say;
And its rumbling tummy just East of Java
Spewed a lot of red hot lava.



Philip G. Bell: He was born in West London and became a professional in the field of vibration and acoustics. He was awarded a Fellowship of the Society of Environmental Engineers. He has two sons and a daughter and 3 grandsons. He has written a number of technical papers, which were published internationally, before turning attention to writing poetry, short stories and a children's novel. He also founded The Young Poet Society. He has published a novel, "The Elfin Child," which is available through Amazon, Barnes and Noble and at www.elfinchild.com

In December 2013, he was diagnosed with terminal Motor Neuron Disease. He is now concentrating on raising awareness regarding the disease.



RIVER

I also am a creation of God,
Which, nobody seems to realise,
I am of noble birth,
And, I cherish it very much.

I start my journey from atop the hills,
And meander down through the valleys,
Plateaus, and ultimately
Confluence into the sea.

My journey takes me through various villages,
Towns, cities, fields, even forests,

I cross many pathways,roads, railways,
And suffer sudden loss of altitude in waterfalls.

Many small sisters confluence in me during my journey,
Most of them have names, others not,
I separate into many branches, when my delta region starts,
When my mother(sea) is welcoming me with both her hands.

I worship silently at the temples, I pass through,
I irrigate the lands, I meander through, making them fertile,
I help them produce electric power also,
Besides supplying the much important drinking water.

For ages, people have been respecting me
But, of late, some people are polluting me,
Some even dissolve their misdeeds(effects of karmas) into
me,
To escape from the God's wrath and punishment.

My beauty and purity, turned mild, adumbrated and filthy,

Still, people pour filth and dirt into me,
My cries and sounds are considered noisy,
Seldom, doth poets, worship my beauty.

Perpetuity and eternity, would terminate
The carelessness of the humanity and brutality.

The creator I heard, is coming down to earth,
To extract punishment from perpetrators,
On the present generation of humanity,
To instil fear and punish them.

He might order me NOT to flow through,
The irrigated lands, villages, towns, cities, et.all,
So the humanity will learn their lesson, and,
To respect me and NOT to ill-treat me any more.

But, I owe my duty to the Mother Nature,
I will continue to flow for ever (people will come and go),
Till the world ceases to exist,

Nature, I am sure, will like this.



Perinkulam. G. Iyer. Krishnamurthi: The author of this poem, P.G.IYER.KRISHNAMURTHI(PERINKULAM KRISHNAMURTHI, to the facebook friends), is a structural engineer, settled in Cochin, Kerala. He was working with a government consultancy organisation till superannuation, and after which, he was working as consultant to the govt.of Iran, at Teheran, and, in a private firm in London, and in many private consultants in Bombay as Technical advisor. He has been enjoying his retired life for the last one and a half years. His wife is a graduate in music, though, she chose to be a home maker and has been an ideal house-wife. Their two sons, both of them are engineers, are abroad. Elder one settled with his wife and two children at USofA. The second one, with his wife and child recently left for UK and will soon be leaving for USofA after completing hs present assignment in UK. Both my daughters -in-law are also engineers.



Perhaps
Yes, perhaps,
Possible, an escape possible,
Into the Dream world,
Where we have no codes to think of
No laws, no taboos,
Just you and me
Is it possible in your Home
In my Home
May be in a neutral space
Not your home nor mine
Perhaps we create a neutral space.

Perhaps
Yes perhaps now

When no one watches you and me

When no one hears us singing

No one peeps into our space

Our naked bodies in Flame

Yoni on fire

Craving quenching

Perhaps, Lust.

Perhaps lusty delicacies

Taste better than lovey

Crave, yearn, cry for lust

Perhaps.



I want to write a poem

on your body

scripting with my fingers

lips and tongue

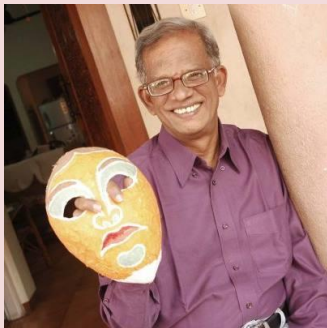
semantics jumps out of the window

just sounds

pure sounds massaging your Body.

When you asked for a poem

is this what you wanted.?



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: Poet with three published volumes of Poetry. Norwich Musings (2003); Fire courts Water 2009; Neem Gita 2011; Playwright with twelve plays published and Performed. Autism Advocate and Pioneer in the file of Drama for Autism. Chairman VELVI www.velvi.org



Just about anyone can have sex

And bruise broken little souls

Avenge themselves forcefully.

But it takes a man to make love!

It takes a man to turn

A bite into a love bite.

With gentleness,

Open a woman enough

To allow him to take her to heaven

That is what a real man does

And are you man enough?

{Mindset is the rotten culprit when it comes to rape. The documentary India's Daughter reveals the ethos narrated by the rapist and the devil's advocate themselves}



Panjami Anand: I am an occult practitioner by profession and I see every day it is hard to be honest in a brutal world that demands the best façade even at the cost of one's inner well-being. Sometimes it helps to know that we are all fighting secret battles and we are not the only ones in pain. I love to observe human relationships and nothing inspires my writing more. Thus the dominating theme of all my writings are conflicts and triumphs of the same. I thank each and every one who has encouraged me to better my expression. Gratitude for reading!



REACHING OUT

Oh, to take Life in both hands
and mould it to create
something that would adorn
the murky corridors of Time!

Wary always to stretch forth
and boldly grasp, for fear
it is a snake; or is it a binding rope?
Or silken soft thread
that I can weave into beautiful tapestry?

Would that lead to my content?
Or will it bounce back a poison blow

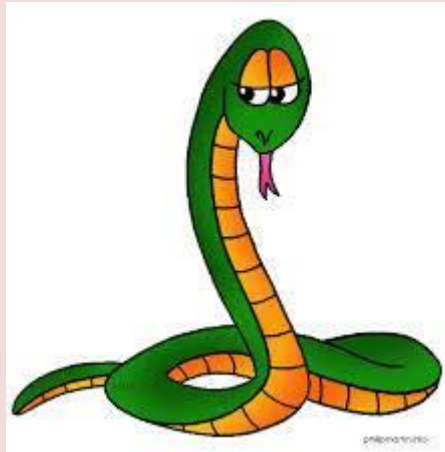
Bringing me crashing to the floor?
Fear is a powerful enemy,
waiting to spring out from the dark.

When this bone, tissue and sinew
unite in exhilaration wild;
When these unfettered, unbound thoughts,
that spring forever in heart and mind
coalesce, then will form the universal whole.



Minnie Tensingh: I think I have been writing from the age of 10, contributing to the school and college magazines. Several prizes for creative writing and poetry competitions have encouraged me to keep at it. Reading is my passion and often distracts me from writing.

Currently I am on the verge of bringing out a story book targeting children in their pre and early teens to encourage reading among children.



A SNAKE SONG

I am loathed, feared and maligned.
For what is but no fault of mine.
I pray, lend a willing ear to my tale,
I'll prove I played no part in Man's fall.
The garden was verdant; air was pure
I was winding my way over the vines anew.
Then God came and forbade the fruit.
Let that be clear: it was God, not I.
I saw the fruit, I admit, on my path.
I showed it to Eve I admit, for what
Use are fruit to poor helpless snakes?
The apple was red, ripe and forbidden.
Need I say more? (You know humans.)

Adam needed no excuse to please
his luscious Eve, (you know men)
God was displeased, such a stickler.
The rest, as they say, is history.
Innocent by-stander was all I was
Interested, I admit but not the cause,
As you'll agree, all fair minded folks,

But I am really grateful, I admit, that
God in his wisdom did not forbid Me.



Maya Sharma Sriram: She is a full time writer based in Mumbai. She writes fiction. and poetry. Her work has appeared in many journals in India and abroad including Mused Literary Journal and Kavya Bharathi. Her poem, "Qurst" was shortlisted for the All India Poetry contest conducted by the Poetry Society and British Council in 1994

and it appeared in the anthology *Voice in Time*. She was one of the winners of the Elle Fiction Award 2010. She is the most author of the book, *Bitch Goddess for Dummies*. She has finished work on her second novel and when not plotting her third book, spends her time appeasing gods in multiple pantheons in the hope of signing her second publishing contract.



MISS YOU

As I sit among the drowsy shrubs,
and vacant tables, waiting for my coffee,
the muted roar of chaotic traffic teases
the soft kitchen clinks.

How days have fallen like autumn leaves,
how your absence rankles,
and how piercingly your clear eyes trouble me.

Your favourite chair seems to cringe
wilting under my hostile stare.

I miss you.

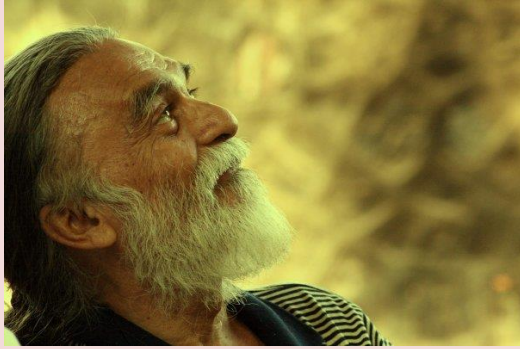


LIGHTENING FLASHES IN MY VEINS....

रग रग में बिजलिसी चमक जाती है
ज़ीर-शिकस्त उम्मीद भी भड़क जाती है
याद आता है जब वो रूखे-रौशन
भटकी बहार तक महक जाती है

TRANSCREATION:

I feel flashes of lightening in my veins
as, defeated hopes also flare up
whenever that face glows in my memory,
even Spring that had lost its way,
starts spreading its fragrance.



Late Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi: Max was a multilingual writer, poet who liked a wide variety of formats – whose life was full of oxymoronic shades, a polymath who went from being a specialist to a generalist to a versatelist. Mentoring by being a catalyst enthralled him, he wrote on serendipity and intuition, conducted workshops on a range of subjects and topics. He was a very friendly Santa Claus.



BY THE SANDS OF THE BEACH

From where does it come?

Then, where does it go ?

These waves on the seashore,

Come, Come again, and go!

Does one relate to this woman?

The moment one saw her !

She came from elsewhere.

That moment, that moment !

Does everything disappear!

The deep bonds by birth. Yes!

Do they just stand removed.

And as the sands of time pass,
Is the depth to be realized?!

From wherever did I come?
And wherever shall I go?

(THE TAMIL VERSION)

Kadal manalil.....

Yengirundhu vandhirumo
Yengudhan sendridumo
Kara! orum kadal alaigal
Vandhu, vandhu sendridumo.

Yengirundho vandhavalai
Kandavudan uravidumo
Kandirundha kavalaigalthan
Oru nodiyil maraidhirumo.

Pirandhu vandha uravugaley

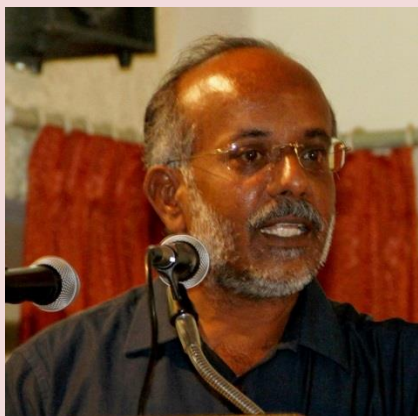
Vilagidhan nindridumo

Kaalangal mariyadhum


Aazhangal vilangidumo

Yengirundhu vandhenno

Yengudhan selveno?



Lakshminarayan Nariangadu: Dr. Lakshmi, as he is called at GLORIOUSTIMES, is a Professor in Physics, retired from the Madras Christian College. He has around 50 publications in Scientific Research Journals & Conferences. A few textbooks too. He also writes otherwise. When the mood sets in, the emotions tingle and words fall in place. In this space, he writes both in Tamil and in English.



Inside the egg of my mom
Dreams I had of freedom
My shell I broke to come home
The sun I saw on the sky dome
Bright smiling and winsome
No longer I felt lonesome

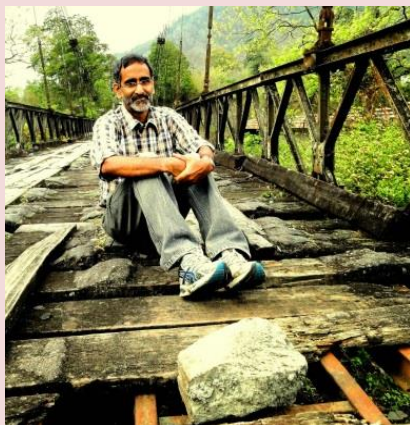
My wings I spread to roam the sky
To test the borders of my liberty
Dawned on me the painful reality
The horizon of faith limits my mobility
My freedom is a bigger egg of humility

An infinite egg never ready to break
Its hard shell of fear and ethics fake
Yonder, they say, is my freedom's brake
Beyond which it is not my take

But I will break my shell of comfort
To escape this fort of stifling support
I won't let the world's limiting horizon
Take away my freedom under the sun

ON THE HORIZON OF HOPE
- C K Kerala Varma

memie@kv



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur), Kerala, is a former Deputy General Manager of State Bank of India and lives in Chennai with his wife Chitra. He is an amateur writer,

who believes in “simple living, simple thinking”, welcoming enrichers of life like love, humour, long walk, the river, sea, mountain, books, music and Internet and avoiding complicaters of life like greed, anger, ambition, sentimentalism, sexism, god, rituals, religion and superstitions.



IF NOT ROSES...

The thorns stare back at me

Razor-sharp and defiant.

I look at the shadow of what was

And wonder what could be.

I feel my heart hoping,

If not roses, some leaves at least?

Perhaps it needs more water,

This brand of fertilizer?

Many packs of vitalizers later,

The thorns shoot right back at me.

Yet the heart's persisting,
If not roses, some leaves at least?

Perhaps it needs more time,
More patience and positivity?
More trust, love manifold maybe, but
No, the thorns now stab at me.

Still the heart's enduring,
If not roses, some leaves at least?

And as I wipe the blood away
I see this is all they'll ever be.
It's time to let go, I know,
The thorns no longer scare me.

I hear my soul whispering
If not roses, then a brand new tree.



Kala Madhuri Duraiswamy: Kala has been scribbling poems ever since she can remember. Nonsense verse, make-up-as-you-go lyrics, rhyming matches with friends...She loves to draw, paint, travel, and make new friends! She has a Masters in Information Systems and is usually dreaming of her next adventure while sipping coffee in conference rooms in her day-job-avatar of being an IT auditor.



PLUTO

The heart that's on Pluto isn't really a heart

It's a broken heart, full of holes

It's a heart that yearned for something

All of which came to nothing.

When the solar system was born

Pluto wanted to be near the sun

It wanted to be the red planet, Venus

But was denied and then slunk to a corner.

Pluto was the original Venus

The planet of love and beauty

But Venus' jealousy won the day

Pluto careened away, broken-hearted.

But the insult came when it was downgraded

And called a piece of rock not a planet

Pluto wept tears; didn't say a thing
Its tears had turned to ice in a faraway place.
They say Pluto is like the earth
It knows what it is to love and lose
In its tender heart is a fiery wound
Which will never heal, no, not even with cosmic dust.



John P. Matthew: Writer, poet, singer-songwriter, and blogger John P Matthew was born in the state of Kerala, India. His first success as a writer was Penguin's world-wide short story contest "India Smiles" in which his short story "Flirting in Short Messages" was selected for publication in an anthology.

His poem "Call of the Cuckoo" has been published by Poetry Rivals. He is working on his first novel and writing a book-length travelogue about his native state of Kerala.



NOT A DAY MORE!

Not a day more, brother, not one day more!

Take me home to our hut without a ceiling;

My heart is tied with yours; we are one blood, one soul;

Cut not the bond, crush not my heart, lest I die bleeding.

Mother I never had one, nor she e'er saw my face;

Gone she was forever, the moment I was born;

Father, he left, leaving me to my fate!

Did I perish or survive, he cares not to this date!

A weightless fingerling, I lay on your bony lap;

A burden beyond your age for the lad you then were!

With a will and a wisdom that truly touched the skies,

You did not put me down; you would not let me die!

Struggling, suffering , journeying through life;

We walked hand in hand, drawing strength from every strife;

Our only fortune was, we had each for the other!

What then is the need now, for a rich foster mother?

Tuned as I am, to endless grief and strain,

The pleasures I go through here torture me with pain;

They stifle my breath, drain away my strength

My mind fills with fears, and an unknown dread.

I miss my penury; I miss my pain, I miss my pangs of hunger;

I'm sure to die of longing, I miss you my dear brother!

Take me home my brother, come at once, and take me
along!

I want to come back to where I truly belong!



Gulnar Raheem Khan: She is a post graduate in English, former officer of the Indian Bank, mother of two, and now, grandmother of three. She was the student editor of her college magazine. She has contributed to the Letters column of the Hindu, and the Arab News, and has written poems and articles for her Bank house journal. She cherishes her letter to the Arab News which won her the first prize in Topic of the Week contest. gul.fazl@gmail.com

Phone: 9283130824



STOP... WAIT...

The sun is up again, the clock ticks six
Messes around the house, all ready to fix
Prepared to tackle the day upon my own feet
Walking on familiar road, across the street

Stop...wait...Have I forgotten Someone?

I live, I laugh, I eat, I talk, I work
As I travel, sometimes in traffic I lurk
Millions of dreams and memories I think
Deep into this really busy world I sink

Stop...wait...Have I forgotten Someone?

Tired i lay, at the end of the another day
I think about all that has passed my way
In contentment I've gained everything
Is life worth living for all or nothing

Stop...wait...Have I forgotten Someone?

I then open my heart and my blinded eyes
To thank and praise Him my voice I raise
Yes, Someone's waiting, watching over me
Acknowledging Him how happy will I be

Stop...wait...I have remembered God!



Grace Chelladurai Xavier: She is a Web Designer and a wannabe Author who lives in India. She enjoys playing the

guitar, writing, designing (web, fashion, interior) , poetry and photography. She spends part of her days wondering how to use her creativity on things around her. The rest of her time she spends trying to design killer user interfaces. Grace is passionate to encouraging people through her blog. The main goal of her life is to make God smile.

<http://grace-lyn-3.blogspot.in/>



THE UNIVERSE

it takes the travelers breath away
the heavens serene with splendour
the starry night skies
like gold and silver sheen
my soul whirled aloft
to grasp the serenity
glimmering from the stars

and all this lonely wanderer can do
is gaze upwards in awe
and let the imagination
be stretched to its core
the hidden world
that man and science

hold in such revere

uncharted voyages

stretched tautly the soul of man

to perceive the great constellation

what wonders lie yonder

beyond this planet earth

what mysteries, what secrets

does the cosmos and the galaxies hold

is it possible in this lifetime

that the wanderer

might get a breath of Déjà vu

that will annihilate his senses

for the origin of beauty is infinite

and the beginning of chaos



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born, and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by, and writing poetry since his early boyhood. He has performed his poetry at various forums, including the Poetry Africa Festival, the Mauritian Writers' Association, and Glorioustimes, India. He is the Convenor of the Live Poets Society, Durban, South Africa.



ARE WE?

not that i want answers
to a relationship
that seems to flex
to meet our erratic selves -
so moody and unpredictable,
so based on imperfection.
but our sidelong glances ask
are we the ones?
are we cozy bed and pillows and sheets?
are we cuddle, kiss, curl and sleep?
will you wipe the dishes while i wash
roll out the dough while i flip?
peeping over shoulders quadrupled vision
is it our laughter that will break the silence

of a dark night, startling the owl
and drawing stars closer?
i did not let the outside world in -
did you?
i can walk away, can you?
at will, i ask you -
will we be the ones -
our fingers barely touching
a relationship on a shoestring budget
of superficial small talk
barely skimming the surface...
how far must we go before we know
we're forever?



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer residing currently in Chennai. She works as Quality Analyst for language. Not an Earthling by any stretch of the imagination, where breathing,

writing, living and loving lose their personal identity and present as one, she comes from that world...sometimes letting her pen lead her, sometimes leading her pen...It's a Pied Piper's tune all the way!

<http://glospoems.blogspot.in/>



You walk with me
Stand next to me
Talk to me, I actually hear,
Listen to me, I talk,
You eat, laugh, sing...
Next to me, I sense,
You wave when friends leave,
Again standing just behind me
I can even smell you
You are here
And I wait
Wait for the phone to ring
For the mail to reach
Look at your photographs
Clear your table,
Your cupboards and shelves,
I imagine
All the time you are here
You are here!



Then I know
As I work
Through the day
Clean, clean and clean
In this silence
This emptiness
No music
I am alone
As always
I am alone.



Mother,
A few flowers at your feet
They are in my heart today
I have nothing to offer you
Come now,
It is already late,
There is no temple here
Just a small space
If you can make that one,

Your home, your temple!



Geeta Varma: She has been a teacher for thirty years and a Freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling. She is married to Shreekumar Varma (Writer and Novelist) and has two sons, Vinayak and Karthik and a daughter-in-law daughter Yamini. She lives in Neelankarai, Chennai.



Once More

I had given you the dreams, butterfly,
When we walked into the rising sun,
Hand in hand, and the dark night gave way,
To a wonderful time, butterfly.

The promises bloomed one by one, butterfly.
Tears rolled down, turned into gold,
We laughed away the blues into the rains,
And played the alchemists, butterfly.

Then you took away all the colours, butterfly.
But I kept dancing with the memories,
Immersed into joy eternal,

I stayed forever in the glass house butterfly.

Raindrops trickled down around me, butterfly,

Drop by drop, casting a pellicle of mist,

But the glass walls never gave away,

They put me into the trance butterfly.

Come back to my world butterfly,

Once more, once more to hum in glee,

Rise into the light, kiss a silent whisper

And to stay forever, butterfly.



Dipankar Sarkar: He is a higher education leader who has set up and run several projects in education and allied services. He has worked in various senior management positions at educational organisations in his career spanning more than twenty years. Dipankar is a music and literature enthusiast

who loves to spend his leisure hours in reading and listening to classic rock, Indian folks and contemporary fusion music.



Come Back

Come back,

He said.

I've changed.

It's too late,

She said.

I was once

A carefree soul,

Laughing and traipsing

Through mountain paths pristine.

Now I hardly speak

In more than whispers

That remember
How you let me down.

*

Come back,
He said.
We'll start over.

It's too late,

She said.

I rushed to embrace
The whole of you
With all of me –
Your crags and crevices
Warts and blemishes –
I filled your every void
Till we were but one,
Yet you let me down.

*

Come back,
He said.
I need you.

It's too late,
She said.
I flung myself
Into your arms
With everything I had.
But you pulled away the ground
And I came undone
My heart shattered
Into a million teardrops
When you let me down.

*

Come back,
He said.
I'll make it all right.
It's too late,
She said.
I took forever
To pick up the pieces
But now I've passed you,
Gone past you,

On my way
To a brave new world,
Far away from the place
You let me down.

*

Come back,
Come back,
Wailed the lonely cliff.
Too late,
Too late,
Whispered the wise river.



Deepa Duraiswamy: Deepa is chronically afflicted by what she terms the 'something else syndrome' – the condition of always wanting to be doing something else. So it's fortunate her interests span from languages to lampshades, from history to hyper-accelerating galaxies. She is an engineer and

MBA, attempting to work towards a PhD in Saiva Agamas when not running behind her toddler.



UNFAITHFUL

He never ever believed in God
but
fed the hungry
helped the needy
reached out where others did not
but
one day
near the foot path god
he tripped fell and died
postmortem report read
DEATH DUE TO LACK OF FAITH.

*This poem is original written by and read at the open mic recently at the Brew Room



N.Chandramohan Naidu: Am a retired bank employee, now a freelance writer and photographer based in Chennai, part of the poetry circle which meets first Wednesday of every month. I am writing poems to be subsequently brought out into a collection.



All I have are these maybe-s,
I brew and brood over in my head
This futile tapestry of unreal possibilities,
A touch inane, kissed by dread.
To be in love with someone-
In love with somebody
Else,
To lose what you'd always wanted-
After you've had it only for a moment,
To hold on to what's lost
In a hope you'd find your old self.
How long since you had
Your heart in a vise
Head in a tizz
How long will you mourn your secrets

in a shroud of dampened dreams

How long till its enough

And you're waiting for elves

To take you someplace bright

High up in the sky in to the sun

Or to the floor of the vast blue,

Do you know the trick I do?



Chaitanya Dorwat: Poetry to me is everything that is beautiful in this world, and also it is my way of attempting to clasp the essence of this beauty in words. My poems are a reflection of myself, my life, my deepest thought and emotions. I hope you like what you read!



AWAKE

He goes miles before his sleep
And in sleep he goes on for miles

But sleep goes miles away from us
Every time we close our smiles

Bigheaded bogus clouds
Pretentious flickering stars
Obnoxious scar-face moon
All of them laugh at us



Barun Bajracharya: He is the author of a short story book Sins of Love and contributing author of short story anthologies: You, Me and Zindagi 2, The Zest of Inklings, Once upon a Time, Blank Space and Rudraksha. Barun is a Communications Officer at an INGO and an Editor at PEN Point (literary journal). Furthermore, he is the youngest member of PEN International Nepal Chapter and Traditional Poetry Writers Association of the World. In October, 2013 he travelled to S. Korea to represent Nepal in the general conference of Traditional Poetry Writers Association of the World, attended by 9 countries, where he earned appreciation for his poems. He can be contacted at barunbajracharya@gmail.com.

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A lost bird in distress

Flew in search of its mistress

With tired wings and a hoarse cry

Through the silence of the nights to pry.



Echoes of the tide

Kept ringing by my side

I submerged thoughts of you

In the deep sea, adding to its blue



When one entered the other left
There was no pain. But bereft
Of thoughts filled in sullenness
It stirred the senses with hope and gladness
Time and again emotions were at stake
But none of those imagined expressions were fake.



Ayshwaria Sekher/ Icecamp: An International Relations graduate, but a reluctant practitioner. Searching about the self through practices that seem conducive to the naked eye but weathers the spirit. Believes in the conditional - unconditional love of a dog and no other's. Extends reality from books and tries to achieve vice versa. Shuns from the ' – isms' but cannot escape the brackets cast. A bundle of contradictions in short!



CHARIOTS OF FIRE

Yakub is no more. Hanged by the neck until
the last drops of Hindu air watered his Muslim grave.
No flowers grow there: no Hindu roses nor Muslim lillies.
Only weeds from the legacy of the English sunset.
Yakub Memom is dead. His victims shall now rest in peace?

The burning embers of the Chariots of Fire burn on.
Rama's ratha yatra bought Babar to his very knees,
whilst his many Hanumans rejoiced on the rubble of their
religion.
Shiva lived up to his name and Bombay became his grave-
yard.
No flowers grow there either. Only candles of eternal
darkness.

It grows and it festers. Only darkness burns so bright.

At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps,
India shall awake to light and freedom. But Indians are fast
asleep.

Yakub is in Allah's embrace, Thackerey in Shiva's,
Can either look Gandhi in the eye?

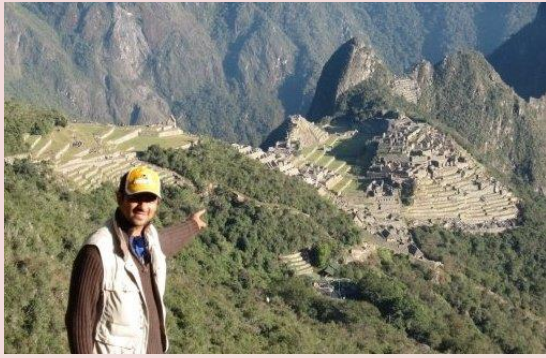
Bloody Mumbai had watered Babar's grave.

And Rama was reborn in Godhra. We celebrated,
the countless graves and the funeral pyres of
Shiva's minions, Rama's sevaks, Muhammad's mutineers,
And then God's own children.

Temples to the gods and tombstones for mortals,
One stone makes them both. We are all victims of religion.
I shall not search for the one true god, on Earth nor in
heaven.

Instead, I shall live and let live until

The candles of darkness douse the Chariots of Fire.



Avishek Ramaswamy Aiyar: I was born and brought up in pristine Calcutta and lived the first 18 years of my life there before moving to Chennai for my undergraduate education. I eventually moved to the US, where I completed my doctoral studies in Chemical Engineering. I currently work as a scientist at IBM in New York.



IN QUEST OF A STAR

"What are the stars?"the sense gazing at the glittering dark canvas asks.

"They are the lamps of God to ensure that not everything sleeps at night."

"How are the stars?"the child curiosity throws itself to the prevailing silence".

"The stars are just the stars..they are there for lunatic,lover and poets".

"Where exactly the stars are?"the persistence nags on.

"The stars are the absolute in the void,the beacon amidst liquid flux".

"Why are the stars?"the murmuring wind mourns.

"The stars are the stars of your clan that have been dwelling apart after parting,
for ever".

"There is nothing for nothing",the wise owl hoots_'snatch a star from sky into your heart and see the paradise regained'.



Avik Kumar Maiti: (email - itzakm@gmail.com) He is a poet and writer from Midnapore. He is a permanent ESL teacher at Belda Gangadhar Academy, West Bengal. He likes to travel, explore the locale with cultures, to drink life to the lees', passion in humanity and drenched in literature. He believes that God is there and one day everything will be fine again. He believes in the flame eternal that is within us, which may cause a miracle with just a sympathetic touch.



THE EARTH

The earth is the berth

Of a man of mirth

For the hyacinth

Of the lovesmith.

&

The sheath of the smith

Makes heaven and earth

For the hyacinth

Amidst many a labyrinth.

&

This earthly passage

Is the wage of the sage

That encages the dutch courage

Of the nonage.

&

All living and non-living objects

Are the pearls of the divine tracts.



Arbind Kumar Choudhary: He is a poet, professor and editor credited with more than nine poetry collections in English: Eternal Voices (2007), Universal Voices (2008), My Songs (2008), Melody (2009), Nature Poems (2010), Love Poems (2010), Nature (2011), Love (2011), and The Poet (2011), two refereed literary journals, Kohinoor and Ayush, and more than fifty interviews published all over the world. He is H/D& Associate Prof. of English, at Rangachahi College, Majuli, Assam, India-785104.

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THE CALL OF THE FREE

Free like a bird in the sky they said
They who have never been here before
They talk of freedom all the time
And cling to their chains evermore

Not really wanting someone to try
And to set them completely free
They seem unhappy but secretly enjoy,
Their own wretched miserly company

What do they of freedom know
Who know not how to fly,
Who know not the pain of tired wings
Nor can they hear the anguished cry

Of the mind on a hot summer afternoon,
Computing distance, windspeed, altitude,
Trying to be stable, disciplined and in control,
As I fly across the landscape looking for food



Anurag Mathur: He is a trained bean counter, works for a financial services group and has spent almost 2 decades serving that industry. Whatever little time that has been spared from work or sleep or reflective meditation has – with quite a few well-meaning prods and nudges from friends – been devoted to occasionally tapping to the Muse’s dictats from time to time.



THE VOICE

I was walking away from the mirror,
Away from my shadow, fading into terror.
I was listening to my sky and its bellow.

Was it an epiphany from within,
Born beyond my conscious self?
Was it from a crescendo of hopes,
Which until now had lead me nowhere?

A quaint music from far way lands.
A clear dictum set in sincere tune.
A verdict in the winds of the lonely afternoon.

A voice that sauntered,

Through the quagmire of disdain.

A voice that stayed back,

In the forlorn mansion of reason.

A voice that embalmed,

The despondent recluse.

I walked back to the mirror.

Searching for the echoes,

I found someone's bleary reflection.

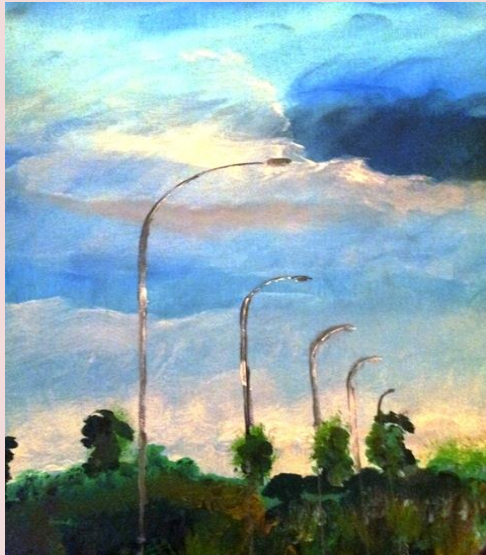
But the hymn came floating back,

Rolling down the meadows of solitude.



Anirbit Mukherjee: I did my undergraduate in physics from the Chennai Mathematical Institute (CMI) and then a master's in physics from the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research (TIFR), Mumbai. Currently I am in the PhD. program in physics at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign

(UIUC). Poetry has always been an intrinsic part of my life as much as mathematics and theoretical physics. I write primarily in Hindi and English and sometimes in Bangla. For a decade in between, I used to ardently do water-colour and oil-painting and pastel and charcoal art too.



our porcelain past the breakaway season conspiracy
unhinged at nightfall your name etched on the first drop of a
gwalior rain

an uneven sun tries to breakthrough the northern walls
invasion has always been the rule of such a mortal day at
gwalior

New Cooch Behar seems to rejoice today. the old zamindar
whose land once extended to Bangladesh is bedridden. birds
atop scatter bits of sky

tomorrow is not just another day. Abdul Kalam made us
believe that. a horizon took over revering his many dreams.a
river touched a sky today



when a blue azure sky turns maddeningly grey. The first
drops of rain I could never catch, you decided then the victor
is still pardonable

It is raining again, tonight. Ananda Shankar's Hill Train is
playing a tattoo of gwalior summers. I touch a chiaroscuro of
willful thoughts

last train to chandannagar screamed past, we still have a sky
between us, my dreams for u is tinged green, beggars didn't
seem drunk today

dreams torn in the eye of a stranger storm. i still remain only
for you

another evening at gwalior crumbles to a broken sun, the fort
is still there and you too.

a neurosurgeon looks at a poet, both are medical doctors,
both specialists, both homo sapiens

thetabheartman is black, he stumbles in, will he ever relive
his memories again in hues of black and white

fullmoonnight@mdantsanetonight, a bittercoldfoggy winter
of gwalior embraces me. loving is not a memory, its a
thought of u and u only

Don't be mad because I don't care anymore. Be mad because
I once did, and you were too blind to see. I have this madness
now always on the third flicker of your eye



Amitabh Mitra: He is a Poet/Artist and a Medical Doctor at
East London, East Cape, South Africa. He lives in many worlds
and narrates his life in hallucinatory stopovers. Words and
images tend to amalgamate in many such strange journeys.



Deep plunges,
Jagged edges,
Tattered thoughts.
Closed eyes look inward.
Now what? The mind questions.
A calming voice
Resonates
From deep within
'This too shall pass.'
A new dawn,
Flutters alive
Bringing with it
A soaring high.

'This too shall pass.'

That voice reminds...

Again



I'm letting you go.

You were an idea that never happened.

A thought that never reached reality.

You were words that never formed sentences.

You were

An egg that never got fertilized.



Ameeta Agnihotri: First of all, I love to write. Then I love to travel, and write about my travels, including about the food I eat on my blog. Being a Food Critic, I have four food books to my name: The Times Food and Nightlife Guide. My restaurant reviews come out every Friday in the Chennai Times. Yes, life's good. My book is done. It was done five years ago. Am still trying to muster the courage to edit it.

Work: <http://timescity.com/chennai>

Blogs: <http://silentsensation.blogspot.com/>

<http://fascinatingtastes.blogspot.in/>



The Poem

I crafted a poem
with the gleam of a pearl
the salty tang of a teardrop
its length the wisp of hair
tucked behind an earshell.

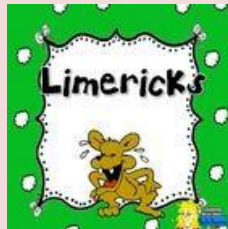
Some only said-
This is too short.



THE KILLING FIELDS

The weak sun flavors an insipid mist.

Outside the silent cave
bones and blood
of desires; some still writhe.
The tombstones wait
for the coffins.
But never-born children –
How do you bury those?



There was a pleasant old man of Fife
who ate papadums with a knife
Said he what is life
if not full of strife
Knifing papadums pleases the wife.

~~

A young monkey from Bihar
once walked into Tihar
He peeked into the cell
of a very powerful mell

Said he, this is heaven, not hell!



Alaka Yeravadekar: Thought monkey, lover of the written word, adept threader of needles; Alaka's sketches, paintings and photographs reflect her deep love for the natural world. Her non-fiction and poems have been published in print and on the web. You can read more of her work at <http://alakaline.blogspot.in/>



MONSOON

I take a look
At the glowing sign
Written on the sky
Of love and compassion
For humanity as
Darkness goes to die

From there falls
Sweet raindrop soaking
The parched earth
Gifting green and freshness
And peace to all
As if it has a new birth

Hanging onto tips
Of grasses and leaves
And petals of many hue
It kills fatigue of summer
As eyes feasted on
Miles of pleasant view



Anil Kumar Panda: My name is Anil Kumar Panda. Tiku is my pen name. I was born in a small town, Brajrajnagar, in the state of Odisha, in India. I am currently residing here. I work as a mine surveyor in coal mines. I write short stories and poems whenever I get time.

I often accompanied my grandfather when he used to go to our village to supervise cultivation work during my school holidays. During our stay there, I used to loiter around the village and enjoy nature and started writing on nature since then.



ciao! 😊

